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The Beginning of the End

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Chapter 1 by Story Wars

Hello, my name is Jack, and it seems you have found my journal. I am the last person on planet earth... or so i thought i was. It all changed that gloomy day.

5/14/2135 22:43

This morning after i woke up, i stepped out on the balcony of the large mansion i had... inherited. Looking out over the so peaceful ocean churning below. Taking in a deep breath of the fresh ocean breeze. The sky was gloomy today, as if a storm was coming. I walked down stairs into the kitchen and opened the fridge to grab a bottle of water. When the light flickered. So i went downstairs to check the power generator.

"Crud, running low on power"

On that note i decided to head out on a little adventure to the nearest gas station, to see if there was a power generator lying around with some juice still in it. As i was reaching for the door of the gas station the ground beneath me began to rumble. Not knowing what was going on i just

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spotlight on top of the vehicle pointing directly at me. I heard shouting, lots of foot steps. Then i felt a sharp prick in my neck and i was out.

I woke up in a black concrete cell. No windows, or door. A bed in one corner with a nightstand next to the head, and a toilet in the opposite corner. On top of the night stand was a little device that told me the time, and date. Next to it sat this journal i am writing in now, with a note attached to the top that said.

"Welcome to hell."

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

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